

THIRD EDITION.

**EVE**  
AND  
**Other Poems.**



*By* **RALPH HODGSON.**

—  
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# EVE

AND

## Other Poems.

*By*

**RALPH HODGSON.**



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1 9 1 3.

To Rudolf Besier -



"Time, You Old Gipsy Man"  
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Review  
April. 1913



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***TIME, YOU OLD GIPSY MAN.***

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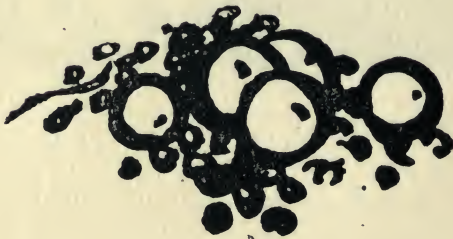
*Time,* YOU OLD  
GIPSY MAN.



**T**IME, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?



**A**LL things I'll give you  
Will you be my guest,  
Bells for your jennet  
Of silver the best,  
Goldsmiths shall beat you  
A great golden ring,  
Peacocks shall bow to you,  
Little boys sing,  
Oh, and sweet girls will  
Festoon you with may,  
Time, you old gipsy,  
Why hasten away?





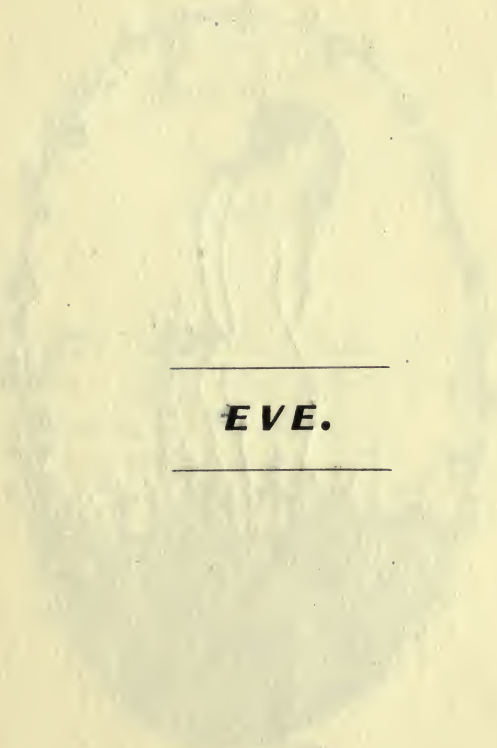


**L**AST week in Babylon,  
Last night in Rome,  
Morning, and in the crush  
Under Paul's dome ;  
Under Paul's dial  
You tighten your rein—  
Only a moment,  
And off once again ;  
Off to some city  
Now blind in the womb,  
Off to another  
Ere that's in the tomb.



**T**IME, you old gipsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?





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***EVE.***

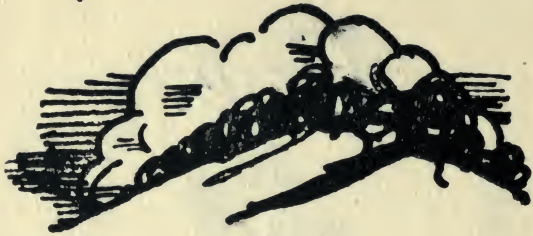
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# *Eve.*



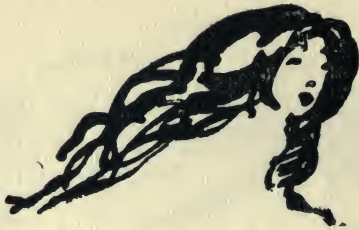
**E**VE, with her basket, was  
Deep in the bells and grass,  
Wading in bells and grass  
Up to her knees,  
Picking a dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Down in the bells and grass  
Under the trees.



**M**UTE as a mouse in a  
Corner the cobra lay,  
Curled round a bough of the  
Cinnamon tall. . . .  
Now to get even and  
Humble proud heaven and  
Now was the moment or  
Never at all.

“**E**VVA!” Each syllable  
Light as a flower fell,  
“Eva!” he whispered the  
Wondering maid,  
Soft as a bubble sung  
• Out of a linnet’s lung,  
Soft and most silverly,  
“Eva!” he said.





**P**ICTURE that orchard  
    sprite,  
Eve, with her body white,  
Supple and smooth to her  
Slim finger tips,  
Wondering, listening,  
Listening, wondering,  
Eve with a berry  
Half-way to her lips.



**O**H had our simple Eve  
Seen through the make-  
believe!

Had she but known the  
Pretender he was!  
Out of the boughs he came,  
Whispering still her name,  
Tumbling in twenty rings  
Into the grass.





**H**ERE was the strangest  
pair  
In the world anywhere,  
Eve in the bells and grass  
Kneeling, and he  
Telling his story low. . . .  
Singing birds saw them go  
Down the dark path to  
The Blasphemous Tree.



**O**H what a clatter when  
Titmouse and Jenny Wren  
Saw him successful and  
Taking his leave!  
How the birds rated him,  
How they all hated him!  
How they all pitied  
Poor motherless Eve!





**P**ICTURE her crying  
Outside in the lane,  
Eve, with no dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Haunting the gate of the  
Orchard in vain. . . .  
Picture the lewd delight  
Under the hill to-night—  
“Eva!” the toast goes round,  
“Eva!” again.

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***THREE POEMS.***

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**B**ABYLON—where I go  
dreaming

When I weary of to-day,  
Weary of a world grown gray.





**G**OD loves an idle rainbow,  
No less than labouring seas.





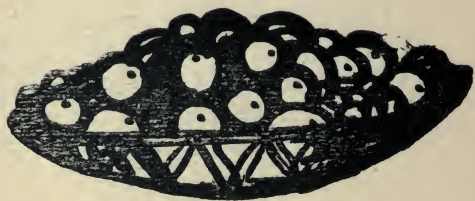


**R**EASON has moons, but  
moons not hers

Lie mirror'd on her sea,  
Confounding her astronomers,  
But, O! delighting me.



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